Dear Jeffers

William Pitt Root
DEAR JEFFERS

A Note From Sheridan To Carmel-By-The-Sea

It's a long way from the queer remote silence-making *quawk* of that heron
your words snagged on the wing as I was being born, Jeffers,
decades ago, in a Minnesota blizzard. You were in a squall of rage near Big Sur in the place no longer your place,
as you foresaw, dragging stone after stone to your tower nonetheless from the live surf and froth of your own sweat. Edged-in now by homes No-Man built to live in—high priced suckertraps for men successful in that coming world you shunned and decried poem after bitter poem—your stone tower, Jeffers, even your stone tower raised by hand toward the high blue home of your beloved hawks toward whom you turned and turned your falcon of a face for evidence of worthiness, is gone into their hands, their pockets, enhanced by your famous hatred, the prices rising with your skydriven fistlike poems exactly abhorring them.

Where I am, in Wyoming still magnificent with wilderness no sea has breathed on for millions of years, the old forces finding a new grip soon will ream out ranchers and farmers bewildered by profits sudden as true strokes, making way for holes into which men hungry for the good life will descend innocent of your hawks, gulls, godlike stallions, and women with wild eyes will tend them from prefabrications as some die, most prosper in the ways men do these days, their families dulled by generations of decay
in hearts surrounded by the crown jewels of the age, appliances and gadgets designed to make life careless. And they work, dear Jeffers. They do work.